

Apaches Runners-Up In State Cage Race

Social Activities Are Scheduled

Phi Theta Kappa Members Go To National Meet

Barbara Murphy Is Official Delegate From Local Group At National Convention

Members of Phi Theta Kappa, national honorary scholastic fraternity, are anxiously looking forward to the national convention which will be held in Lawton, Okla., on March 21-24. This convention will include groups from junior colleges from all over the United States and Phi Theta Kappa members who have attended convention in the past report that such gatherings afford opportunities for great entertainment as well as for meeting students from other sections of the country and comparing notes on the administration of junior colleges in other parts of the United States.

Frances Robertson, president of the local group, will attend the convention, and Barbara Murphy is the official delegate, elected by the group at a recent meeting to represent the local chapter in all matters of voting and the like. In addition to these students, quite a group of new pledges, recently initiated into the chapter, is expected.

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Debaters, Speech Students Place In Durant Meet

Almost traditional in the fine training and experience, as well as the fun, that it furnishes to debate and speech students, is the annual trip to the Speech Tournament held at the teachers normal in Durant, Okla. This year was no disappointment from either viewpoint, and the ten Apaches who made the trip to Indian Territory came back with tales of one of the largest speech tournaments to be held in the South, with over 500 speakers from nine different states.

The Tyler entrants made a very creditable showing with each of the debate teams winning enough debates to get in the second preliminaries—thus securing the practice of seven debates. Three of the contestants in individual events reached the finals, Ann Marie Richbourg in Bible reading, Jeanette Thigpen in extemporaneous speech, and Iris Futoransky in oratory, were the Apaches who advanced so far. The six debaters participating in debates were: King Huffman, Vernon Turner, Bruce Feder, Dorothy Bearden, Barbara Sutherland, and Ann Marie Richbourg. Other students entering the tournament were Arthur Williams in extemporaneous speech and Billy Tunnell in oratory.

The achievements of these students is especially to be commended when we remember that most of the colleges participating in this meet are senior colleges and that the students against whom they competed were benefited both by age and added experience. We are proud of the showing made by our college and its representatives and we admire their gallant spirit in defeat as well as their generosity in victory.

Special thanks is voted to Mrs. Tunnell and Mr. D. K. Caldwell who donated the use of their cars for the trip, and all the speech students are grateful for the opportunity which was made possible by their kindness.

LONG-AWAITED REVERSE WEEK END IS SCHEDULED FOR MARCH 29 THROUGH 31

Student Opinion Is Reflected By Pow-Wow Poll

Practice To Be Continued; Students Co-operate In Voting On Questions Submitted

College students responded in full force to the attempt of The Pow-Wow to institute a poll of student opinion and we are pleased to announce that after counting ballots and recording the votes, we find that the students of Tyler Junior College are in favor both of President Roosevelt for a third term election and of a backward week end and a college dance in the near future.

The balloting on the college dance and backwards affair was almost unanimous in agreement. The students seem most anxious to participate in some type of college entertainment, since there has been no college party or dance since the opening of the new term. It is feared that the local swains will grow dull on their etiquette and party manners if they are denied the chance to practice them, and the entertainment committee is getting busy with plans. Some thinking student ventured the opinion, too, that the college students would not frequent the less accepted places of entertainment if more diversion were offered by the college.

Continuing our policy of presenting questions for students to vote on and venture their opinion, we are again printing questions of interest to all college students and

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Jack Davis To Be Duchess At The Cotton Ball

A pleasant surprise to the entire student body as well as to the recipient herself, was the announcement of the selection of Miss Jack Davis as Duchess from Tyler Junior College to the annual Cotton Ball held at A.&M. College, April 19.

Climaxing a week of intra-mural athletics, this Cotton Ball furnishes the highlight in the social life of the Aggie college boys. The honor extended to Miss Davis by the college is doubly appreciated because of the fact that this is the first year that Tyler has been represented at the Cotton Ball.

As Duchess from Tyler Junior College, Miss Davis can either select her escort from the students of A.&M. or allow the college to select him for her. While at College Station, she will stay in one of the dormitories from which all boys have moved for the occasion.

This Cotton Ball and the accompanying entertainments and festivities are heralded throughout Texas for the abundance of good times they furnish. We are sure that Miss Davis will have a marvelous time and we know that the Junior College will be very well represented.

Clamors of college students for a backward week end to celebrate the all-too-seldom leap year have at last been answered and the social committee of the college has officially set the date for this celebration as the week end of March 29 through March 31. Just as the girls did last year, they shall completely take charge of this momentous occasion and assert their superiority by choosing the particular male of their choice and escorting him to the dance to be given Friday night.

According to the time-honored leap year custom, all expenses will be paid by the squaws and they will furnish transportation, refreshments and all accessories for the evenings. The time has come for the redskins on this reservation to wear their prettiest buckskins and put on their brightest war bonnets if they expect to be dragged to these celebrations. The squaws have turned the tables and are trying their hand at window-shopping for pleasing companions. The poor, embarrassed males on the reservation finally had to resort to wearing their trousers turned up three notches at the cuffs to signify their uninvited eligibility. Perhaps this drop of squaws will not be so bashful. Remember, lads, the girls are making their choices early, so be on your best behavior if you expect to get asked.

Tentative plans for the week end include a skating party for the Saturday night.

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Morris Daniels Makes Record In S.M.U. Scholarship

College Honor Student One Of 31 To Make All A's At S.M.U.

Students of Tyler Junior College will be pleased to learn that achievements of Apaches are not concluded after their days in T.J.C. Morris Daniels, one of the most promising students ever to leave the school, is making an enviable record at Southern Methodist University where he completed the first semester with a scholastic average of A.

All Apaches know that in addition to his scholastic ability Morris possesses all the essentials of an all-round good fellow, and we are happy to know that at S.M.U. as well as in his work in the classroom, Morris is a member of the men's debate team and has made an excellent record in that capacity.

While in Tyler Junior College Morris was an officer of his class both his freshman and sophomore years and worked in dramatic productions of Las Mascaras as well as in the forensic undertakings of the college. He was the Rotary Young Citizen when his class graduated in the spring and his years in the school have been filled with service and good fellowship. We are glad to see his fine record continue into his life in senior college. We might add that there were only thirty-one students in the entire enrollment of Southern Methodist University to achieve this high rank.

Big Celebration To Mark End Of Basketball Season

The entertainment committee of Tyler Junior College has been busily engaged the past week or so with plans for the social life of the college students. Next to the calendar of college events for the entertainment of Apaches will be a giant celebration to be given on March 18 or 19. The occasion for the celebration is the end of the basketball season and a successful conclusion of the efforts of our basketball boys. In honor of all Apache basketball players, the entertainment will feature fun for everybody. At press time, the exact date and all details of the entertainment have not been decided upon, but we are all certain that the committee will provide fun for everybody.

Beginning a season of fun and friendship for every Apache, this is the first in a series of events planned to fill the social life of the students and we are sure that the plans will be met with appreciation by all college students. The work of this committee in devising a schedule of social activities that will not clash with classwork or other pre-scheduled events on either of the campuses is to be commended and the students take this opportunity to express their sincere appreciation.

APACHES LOSE TO TARLETON IN FINAL GAME

Score 22 To 21 At Half; Apaches Made Brilliant Fight

In a hard-fought game at Tarleton Station Friday night, the Apaches of Tyler Junior College went down before the onslaught of Plowboys from Stephenville. The Cadets put an end to Tyler's two-year monopoly of state championships by defeating the boys, 41 to 34. This victory for John Tarleton gave them the Texas Junior College championship their first year in the conference.

In spite of the disadvantages of an out-of-town game, the Apaches proved their mettle Friday night, forcing John Tarleton into a last-minute rally to pull ahead of the Tyler squad who went down with the never-say-die spirit. The big boys from Tarleton, towering above the smaller Apaches definitely proved their expert marksmanship as basket shooters, and before a crowd of 800 fans they carried away top honors in the basketball championship race.

Tarleton took an early lead in the game and appeared to be headed for victory with Raymond Blair filling the mesh in rapid succession. But Bernard Clayton replaced Acie Cannaday, and Blair was limited to but one more field goal and a free throw that period. Tarleton led only 22 to 21 when the two teams

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AVIATION CLASS SUCCESSFUL IN PASSING FINAL EXAMS ON NAVIGATION, GROUNDWORK

District Play Contest Held At Gary Auditorium

The first aviation class to be held in Tyler Junior College is making rapid progress in its program of teaching both ground work and actual flying lessons to ten boys of the college. Begun in the fall, under the auspices of the United States government, this course has done much throughout the entire United States toward educating youth in the field of aeronautics.

Only last week the ten students who have enrolled in this course successfully passed their final examination in the ground work of the course. This difficult phase of the work marks one more milestone in their course of study before they complete their work and become full-fledged pilots with earned license and at a great expense.

Under the direction of Mr. Palmer at the airport, who gives the actual flying instructions, and E. A. Lawver of the college faculty, who is in charge of the navigation and ground work course, the class has done excellent work and all the boys in the course successfully passed the examination prepared by the government.

Tyler Junior College is proud of its first eagles and we feel sure that the boys will have earned their wings when they complete the course. Word comes from the airport that nearly all the boys have soloed and the culmination of the actual flight work will be a solo flight to Longview and return, using all the principles of navigation and ground-work that they have learned. These boys are to be praised for their courage and perseverance in taking this course which is offered at night, and which requires more intelligence and diligence than any course in the ordinary curriculum of the college.

Culminating weeks of practice and intensive work on the part of the drama department of Tyler Junior College, the district one-act play contest was held at Gary Auditorium on March 8, Friday night at 8 o'clock. In addition to the local entry the only other contestant was Lon Morris Junior College from Jacksonville. The age-old rivalry between the two schools was once again renewed in this as in every contest in which students from both institutions participate.

The play presented in the evening, was a marrow-freezing drama based on the past, present and hazy future of three men condemned to die. The three characters, one a toughy, one a gentleman by training, and one a Mexican lad unjustly accused, acquitted themselves well to carry away top honors with the contest-winning play and the award for the best actor going to the student portraying the Mexican boy. Highlights of the play were the manner in which each of the men met their death and the vivid impression received by the audience of impending death hovering over the scene.

Climaxing the evening was the more difficult portrayal of a chronically crazy family, the Delamenters, in "No, Not the Russians," by Tyler Junior College students under the very capable direction of Miss Ruth Rucker and Miss Mildred Howell. Treated in the modern manner with a stage manager who gave

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The Pow-Wow

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF TYLER
JUNIOR COLLEGE

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MARY JANE HARRELL.....FEATURE EDITOR
MARCIA MONEYSMITH.....ASSISTANT
MAX WALTON.....SPORTS EDITOR
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Are Junior College Students Educated?

Are junior colleges developing students who can participate as members of society and give evidence of being fully educated in the best sense of the term? When students get out of these institutions do they know what lies before them?

For many young people, when they have been graduated from junior college, it is the end of their formal education. They go out into society and hunt jobs. Once outside the portals of the college haven they are completely lost. Situations arise which they had never met, let alone thought of as existing. They face the world in bewilderment, knowing not which way to turn. They have completed studies which gained them the desired diploma and an A.A. degree necessary for graduation. Now what are they going to do with it?

All the while in school they have been made to take courses of algebra, Latin, some science, and a lot of other studies, half of them they will never be required to use. The general cry to this is, "Well, we had to take them to graduate."

If, instead, these students had been drilled in the complexities of the English language, its spelling, construction, pronunciation, and if they had been taught the rudiments of elementary arithmetic, the common every-day division, subtraction and addition, they might have been spared their bewilderment.

Once out on a job, these youngsters get fired because they aren't able to do the work; they can't spell; can't add; can't even speak English correctly.

And who is to blame for this?

Is it the fault of the student who does not apply himself? Is it the fault of society, or is it the fault of an educational system which says you must take this, this and this to graduate?

All three may take an equal share of the blame. Perhaps if the need of the individual student, plus the position he place, were taken in society, plus his personal fitness for that square pegs into round holes and analyzed, the putting of many would be averted.

Shall We Continue Having Assemblies?

Why do we have assemblies if no one is going to attend them? To have a performer appear before such a small group as is gathered in the auditorium during the assembly periods is most embarrassing and insulting.

There are seldom more than 50 to 75 people present to witness an assembly. At the last one there were scarcely 50. Out of an enrollment of about 1,000, the number that turns out is pitiful indeed. Classes are purposely dismissed at this time to give every student an opportunity to relax from the strenuous routine of study. But it is evident that students are more interested in spending this hour seeking amusements of their own making at places of their own choice.

Students are not obliged to attend assemblies. Neither is the college compelled to hold them. The money used to pay entertainers to appear can well be spent for other purposes if need be.

It is true there have been several that were disappointing, but the majority have been excellent. However, if students do not wish to attend assemblies, they can easily be discontinued.

(SANTA MONICA JUNIOR COLLEGE)

The Rooster Crows

Gentlemen, after great mental struggle, yours truly has reached a decision. I shall divulge a secret of some two weeks' standing. I give you this information as a disillusioned reporter. I have lost my faith. For friends my last bulwark has fallen and left me defenseless in the eyes of the world. It has happened. The braintrust (really) has gone and done it. Lou Olive Pierce broke down and had a date. She broke her resolution and went out with one Dan Meehan instead of attending symphony. Now this is something we have not been able to grab before because Lulu is a genuine career woman, a member of the intelligentsia and lots of other superlatives. Possibly chemistry was responsible for this lapse.

Wanda Moyer was a trifle exasperated in English class. Seems she wanted very much for McGinney to do something and seems ol' McGinney, the Baylor Bear, just wouldn't do it. So Wanda received the negative answer in the form of a Western Union telegram in Friday's English class. Now was she irked! Guess ol' William just got a bit out of hand. Strangely enough, he was in town Saturday—and we gather that all is again peaceful.

Those two confirmed bachelors, Hershey Lehr and Joby Dean, just aren't. The reason for their solitary life lies in the home town, Athens, Texas, for Joby and Hershey have steadies there. Joby has a three-year steady and Hershey—gosh, he's been dating just one girl for five years. According to all reports, no wonder, because among other qualifications—she has been voted the best all-around girl in Athens. Nice goin', boys.

Signs of spring. Hicks once again is with screwy acts—the latest is a small blue flute which he carelessly tootles at intervals.

Ran across Woody Ferguson blowing on the same flute with a look of bliss—spring song and all that.

Lovely scene.

Gosh, I feel a little spring coming on myself. Think I'll go take a nap. Aw, gosh, Murphy—can't I take just a little nap? Ol' slave driver!

Well, since you insist, I will write a few more lines.

What has happened to Bill and Wanda? It seems that he has taken over Jack Davis and left Wanda to Jim.

These little children who refuse to help on the paper and who are continually sticking their noses into the office to read every little bit of news ought to be knocked in the head and thrown out the window.

It is now my privilege to quote E. B. Powell after he has been thinking on a spring afternoon.

Title—"Ode to a Fly."

Author—Mr. Powell, himself.

There was a widdle fly twinning up the wall.

Him had no home—

Him had no mom

Him hair to comb

But him don't care—

—Cause him ain't got

No hair to comb.

So you see, that is what comes of taking life too seriously. Relaxing too hard. When a chance to relax comes, something terrible always happens.

By the way, I just heard that J. T. and Gracie actually had a fight. I knew it was pretty bad because I have been reading about it enough. In every paper it is J. T. and Gracie broken up. J. T. and Gracie made up. It gets rather monotonous, but if they are going to start having it out in rounds, that's different. It comes nearer being like the story "Man Bites Dog," than the one "Dog Bites Man." Well, such is life and love and perhaps if Confucius were not so terribly old he could think of some advice.

Jack surely puts on a show at the basketball games. One would think it was a floor show, with orchestra and all.

Recent Statistics Quote Earnings In Various Careers

Doctors Earn Highest Sum; With Preachers And Social Workers Ranking Last

It should be of interest to college students who have chosen their vocations to know the average yearly earnings and the average earnings of a lifetime. It should also help those undecided ones of you who waver around and never seem to make up your mind. These figures are taken from a recent issue of the American, one of the popular magazines on the newsstands. If you know anyone in your profession, it might be well for you to interview them and see what their earnings are. It might be better than you think, or it might be worse. However, we must have a life's work and we must decide on it soon.

Occupation	Avg. Annual Earning	Avg. Lifetime Earnings
Medicine	\$4,970	\$293,000
Law	4,680	232,000
Engineering	4,460	238,000
Dentistry	4,230	216,000
Architecture	3,790	205,000
College Training	3,020	160,100
Journalism	2,110	98,000
Library Work	1,990	94,000
Ministry	1,960	87,000
Social Work	1,680	118,000

BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

Bertita Harding continues her dual biographies of the fateful House of Hapsburg. First came "Phantom Crown." The story of Maximilian and Carlota of Mexico, which, so excellently filmed, has been thrilling the country anew. Then it was "Golden Fleece." The story of Franz Joseph and his wife of Austria, the epic of a long, eventful reign. And now, with twilight descending on this house the romantic loves and tragedies, she pursues the narrative to the threshold of today with the story of Karl, Franz Joseph's successor, and his beautiful Parma wife, Zita.

Though the incidents are closest to us in time, and so, one would guess, most familiar, the content of this absorbing history seems the freshest, the least familiar of the three volumes. Much of the material was obtained, not from the world's dusty library shelves, but through the author's personal contacts and interviews during her repeated sojourns in Europe. She flew criss-cross over the continent so as to be able to describe its face from the air—as Karl saw it in his second restoration attempt. Her interest had been captured long before. As a young girl, she danced repeatedly with Captain Fekete, a member of Karl's airplane crew during that mad enterprise. Fekete visited her family in Mexico in 1924 and told her the whole story in detail.

A consummate storyteller unrolls the fascinating plot. Stiff, regal figures become understandable human beings. Royal mazes are unraveled. Motives for strange actions grow lucid. Many a pertinent anecdote, or current witticism, or original epigram, added to the reader's relish. An inerrant instinct for drama makes the utmost of every event without the slightest strain.

Just as a novel might, the duobiography opens with an account of the birth of Karl to the hand-

IVORY TOWER

Safe inside my tower I stand
And watch the building and breaking
The vicious struggle of things,
Then the forsaking.
Skyscraper's tower,
Monument to man's progress,
Cathedral's crumble,
Tombstones of war's distress,
Scintillating conversation:
"My dear—her reputation."
"Yes, bad, it dropped. Two—"
"You big lug! If you do . . .!"
"To church? Religion is out-dated!"
"Her money, his looks, perfectly mated."
"A shock . . . should send flowers."
"On strike! . . . Picket . . . More money, short hours!"
My fortress is strong and unassailable.
The tools for conquering, unavailable.
This greedy, grasping world, I love it—
From the distance of my tower above it.
—Maryanne Flanagan.

some, profligate Archduke Otto and the homely, pious Maria Hoesepha. It goes on to tell of Karl's mother-supervised youth, of his prospective succession to the throne due to the suicide of the ill-starred Rudolf at Mayerling and to Franz Ferdinand's morganatic marriage; of his gay young manhood in Vienna; of his rescue to respectability and his marriage to the lovely, dark Parma Princess Zita, so adroitly maneuvered by the old emperor. It was a fecund marriage, and children, starting with the beautiful baby Otto, arrived at regular intervals.

Then came tragedy. Sarajevo, war that meant disintegration of the empire whatever the outcome, the death of Franz Joseph, Karl's accession to the unstable throne. Ill-advised, Karl permitted himself to be crowned in Hungary, offended his other domains. Nor could he make amends by a round of coronation ceremonies because of conflict between the pledges he had made and those he would have to make.

The lovable, idealistic young emperor saw clearly the evils of war, opposed his ally's unrestricted submarine campaign, tried for a general peace by a separate suit and, this failing, for a separate peace. Followed the refusal by France, the publication of his letter to the French ministers, his denunciation by Germany, the desertion of his own ministers, and his endeavor to defend himself by visits to his allies, cut short by the armistice.

Zita persuaded Karl not to abdicate as ruler of Hungary. He signed a revised manifesto relinquishing his power temporarily. Exiled to Switzerland, Karl and Zita and their growing family lived in poverty. Zita burned with ambition to have her Karl regain his lost crown. She was relentless in her plotting and planning. In the repeated and desperate endeavors, the royal pair revealed a courage and fortitude worthy of true monarchs.

Karl's last stand is a gallant and dramatic episode. It means a farther exile—to Maderia; death for Karl; sorrow and a long, lonely, ever yet continuing struggle for Zita, her ambitions now transferred to Otto, who but yesterday issued a manifesto. Bertita Harding's ever lively pen saves tragedy from heart-break.

Student Opinion—

(Continued From Page One)
asking their opinions on the subjects. Do your part to complete our little scheme and vote as you feel you should on these questions.

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Open House To Be Sponsored By T.J.C. On April 5

In accord with the custom of the Tyler Public School of inviting the parents to school in order to better understand the achievements of their children, the annual Open House of Tyler Junior College will be held on the evening of April 5. At this time parents of all students will be invited to attend the Open House and visit different classrooms, inspect the college buildings and campus, and see the exhibits of work done by college students during the year.

In addition to the presence of the parents, the college is expecting to see all the students. This is the occasion on which we celebrate our achievements for the year and put on our best manners in order to entertain and enlighten our parents. Highlights on the evening will be exhibits of each department of the college and of particular interest to outsiders will be the work done in the college art department. Special attention of the students is called to this date, and they are urged to keep the evening free in order to be present with their parents on this occasion.

Apaches—

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took the floor the second half, but Tyler was unable to count for six and one-half minutes before Clayton's field goal was good and Overall and Emmons followed up to even the score at 29-all.

Near the end of the game, however, when Tyler was forced to loosen its defense and take chance shots in a final scoring effort. Blair broke loose to gain high scoring honors with 19 tallies. Clayton and Overall followed Blair with ten points each.

Blair and Norman Hall put the Purple Parade ahead by three points but Overall and Brown tightened it to 34 to 32. It was then that the Tarleton offense succeeded and the Plowboys ran up their 41 total. Overall's two free throws were the last scores of Tyler before the gun.

After two years as state junior college basketball champions, the Apaches are somewhat crestfallen at facing defeat, but with a full squad of eligible men looking forward to a successful season next year, the Apaches are looking ahead and hoping for success next year. Every Apache on the reservation is proud of the lads and the worthy showing they made, and we salute the runnersup in the state championship race!



El Charro Cafe
Genuine Mexican Dinners

1433 E. Erwin

Broadway Collegian

Poor Mr. Barrymore
NEW YORK CITY, March 18.—Many are the legends that haunt this city concerning the gold hoards that John Barrymore is piling up from his nightly contribution to that innocuous bit of whimsy called "My Dear Children."

You see, not only is Mr. Barrymore on a princely salary but he also happens to own a chunk of the show.

But these riches that he's laying by are mere paper fortunes, it seems.

If you can credit our own O.G.P.U., there was that week in Chicago when he went to draw his pay from the cashier (a sum reckoned on our lightning calculator as \$4,000) only to find he owed the management 11 leaves.

And keep in mind that Mr. B. is shelling out every blessed week these days the sum of \$2,500 as back alimony toward the weal of his ex-wife, the former Dolores Costello.

Life, my dear children, can be oh so cruel.

Lamour vs. Communism

Miss D. Lamour, who cavorts as a jungle phantom of delight in every picture virtually (we wish she'd quit it, by the way) so loves this world that she is helping keep it safe for democracy. And no price is too much.

The other night we traipsed around to a two-night bazaar at one of the svelte hotels here to witness an auction sale of priceless items, proceeds of which were to go to the beleaguered Finns.

Just about the time we got there the auctioneer announced that Miss Lamour's sarong was going up for sale, (without Miss Lamour) the very sarong she wears in her next picture called "Typhoon."

Frenzied bidding took place until the auctioneer banged his gavel. Sold for 25 berries.

Paulette Goddard's nightgown (also minus Paulette), a chapeau of Gladys Swarthout and Garbo's gloves helped pile up a gold surplus for Finland.

Greater love hath no woman, we suppose.

Too Much Is Enough

Artie Shaw, former crown prince of the jitterbugs who deserted his swing band, said mean, mean things about the rug cutters in a magazine piece, and married Lana Turner, is about to deliver the final death blow to the few faithful hep cats who grieve for his return. He will be back, but with a 31-piece band, including eight violins. What's more he's making sweet records.

Et Tu Brutus!

Dead Cats

Shaw is not the only captain to desert the fast sinking ship of swing!

Fletcher Henderson, one of the pioneers, has given up the ghost. Bunny Berrigan and Bobby Hackett have also disbanded their units and all of them will join other orchestras.

Evidently the World Fair grand muftis haven't been reading the college polls, however, for they are planning to open up three palaces of jive, come the spring. The Campus, Old New Orleans, and Danceland will be the titles of these temples of the hep cats.

Friendly Advice

You college lads who read the

society pages and glamour notes on cafe life here in New York had better put away your wistful longing for a date with a deb. They'll drive you into Mr. Roosevelt's Section 14-B, if you know what that means.

Our object lesson is that Yale man, who shall remain nameless, (only because we forgot the Galahad's name) in town from New Haven to squire around young Gloria Vanderbilt, age 16 and a member of that class known to cafe society and the department stores as the sub-deb set.

Well, friends, they jogged around the city, kind of friendly-like, and then Mr. X (why did we have to go and forget?) fetched the lady home at a reasonable hour like the fine Yale gentleman he was.

On the way to New Haven he figured up his tabs.

The pleasure of Miss V's company cost him exactly \$55.

But just wait until she becomes a full debbie. Just you wait.

Stage Stuff

Three brave little entries did their best to intrigue a blase Broadway audience and a more blase posse of critics and failed miserably.

First exhibit is Dorothy Thompson's and Fritz Kortner's "Another Sun," all about the refugee situation with a few kicks in the pants for the be-mustachioed one in Berlin. Mostly "Another Sun" got a dreadful panning, along with a suggestion that Miss Thompson stick to columnning and deep thinking and let the stage be. Miss Thompson slapped back a day or two later, but just the same "Another Sun" is ready for the embalmers.

Diagnosis: Heavy, labored and nondramatic, although earnest.

The next night a group of dauntless expatriates of the very Vienna Miss Thompson was eulogizing showed their hopeful and anxious faces in a revue called "Reunion in New York." The critics hemmed and hawed as they went about their operations, but made it plain that the show was merely "attractive and touching."

Diagnosis: Wistful and gallant but hardly slick, smart or lusty which is what's expected of the genre these days.

On Friday night a little something called "The Burning Deck" unfurled its banners, courtesy of playwright Andrew Rosenthal. Such sniping you never did hear. It becomes our duty to tell you that this portrait of frustration and intrigue in a small hotel in the Mediterranean will not be around to entice the Easter trade.

Long-Awaited—

(Continued From Page One)

urday night of the eventful week end. This little bit of entertainment will be financed by the female, taking the boy she chooses for the evening. It might be a wise tip to the coeds on the campus to start saving their pennies now in order to not to be a cheap-skate when the time comes. The girls are determined to do this up in fine style, provided the boys don't ask for drinks costing more than 5c.

Sunday night will include jaunts to church with the young ladies furnishing collection money when the time comes to give. No doubt the students will turn out en masse as church-going will benefit even the best of the males on the campus, and too, if the girl does the inviting, she has the prerogative of deciding the destination of the evening.

Leap year, ahoy! Tyler Junior College will turn out in style for this big celebration that comes but once ever four years. Last year, we borrowed a day from the village of Dogpatch, Ky., and called it Sadie Hawkins Day because we didn't have a legitimate excuse, but this year it's the real McCoy!

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Girls' Forum To Elect Ideal Girl In Next Meeting

Friday, March 8, marked a momentous day in the calendar of the Girls' Forum, big-campus organization, including girls of both the high school and junior college. The Forum meeting held on that date, featured the standards of judgment and the qualities for measuring the Ideal Girl. As most students know, each year at this time, the members of the girls' club choose from among their group one girl from the college and one from the high school who best typify the ideals they hold in their hearts. At the next forum meeting in April names suggested by the executive council will be presented and nominations will be accepted from the floor, selecting a number of girls from both campuses, from which will come two Ideal Girls and their courts of honor.

Highlights of the meeting were the performance of the recently-formed orchestra composed of students of Tyler Junior College and Tyler High School, and inspirational talks on the Ideal Girl by Barbara Murphy from T.J.C. and Wini Main from high school. The college orchestra played as the girls came into the meeting and found their places and after the meeting was called to order by President Martha Ann Connolly, Barbara Murphy gave her opinion of the primary requisites that the members of the club should consider when choosing an Ideal Girl. Rounding out this mental picture painted for the girls of what their ideal should be, Wini Main gave a most interesting and enlightening summary of all the qualities that should be possessed by such an Ideal Girl.

After these ideals were presented,

the orchestra played several numbers and the meeting was adjourned. One of the most interesting and entertaining meetings of the club, this is one that shall not soon be forgotten, both for the excellent ideas presented by the speakers and for the excellent entertainment furnished by the orchestra.

Campus Squibs

The late influx of university studes(?) has done much to reform the sparkling wit and brilliant remarks of the heretofore individual inmates at T.J.C. We used to go our unassuming and unsophisticated way, wishing for nothing more more than to converse but intellectually on such compelling subjects as the policy of isolation adopted by the United States. We have found ourselves the object of a ridicule coming from certain of the more knowing group of individualists. They scorn our sincerity and deride our honest endeavor for learning. To them the simple life of a laboring student has no attractions. How can we show them the mistake which they make? To put them on the straight and narrow path of true accomplishment would be an everlasting glory to T.J.C. and would be worth far more than gold (gold acceptable, however).

A society has been formed with this objective as its aim. It will be under the leadership of one of our leading citizens, Will Jar Dissipation. Will, who is also the treasurer of our honorary scholastic society, has many other civic duties, and needs the co-operation of every earnest member of the student body. If you and you and you will help him, the former high level of thought in the college will be restored and the delinquents corrected.



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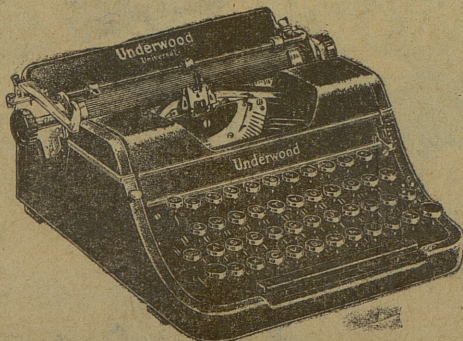
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Wal Howdy Folks:

How y'all doin'? I'm shore sorry I didn't git tuh see yuh last issue but circumstances jist kept me frum it. I ain't been doin' much. But I gress thuh reason is thet I done gone an got sprang fever this early in thuh year, which incimadentally is bad cause all yuh wanta do is jist set under the shade of a tree an' watch thuh clouds drift by. Boy, it shore is hard on yuh're studyin' but it is uh wonderful feelin'. It almost seems like yore free; jist fergit everthin' thet is worryin' yuh all yore troubles jist float out with thuh clouds. I'm tellin' yuh thet I would reccomentit tuh anybody thet has got troubles. I'm shore glad thet this warm weather come on cuz they won't be so much wood choppin' tuh do. I gress thet I had jist rather do nerly anthin' better'n cuttin' wood. I hope I don't never see another durn stick of stove wood. I eben dream abot them thangs. Any how I buhlieve this hot weather is here tuh stay though.

Did j'all ever bowl any? Boy, I been a "bowlin'" up ever durn nickel thet I can git my hands on lately which ain't so verra many. Thuh first frame thet I bowled I knocked all thuh pins down, but thuh next frame thet I bowled I didn't do so hot. I turned thuh ball a loose. But they's a lot of Junior College kids down there tuh bowl all thuh time. Ol' Housewright is a good bowler and Mary Jane Harrel an' Jo Ann Lewis an' Hankerson an' alotta others are good too. I do most a my bowlin' with Ol' Pat Larrabee an he shore does beat my ears off to. Thet scanal is shore good with thet durn ball. I bowled some last nite with Ol' Dean King and thet boy is so country thet it jist ain't tellable. Thet boy tried to throw thet ball lak a base ball. He hit them pins before thuh ball ever hit thuh alley. Ever time he throwed ever budy backed off a good distance so not tuh be in thuh way of his windup. Anyhow I like bowlin' though.

APACHE INTERVIEWS CAST OF CLARE TREE MAJOR CO. AFTER PLAY PERFORMANCE

(Editor's Note: This is a first-hand account of the fascinating experience of talking to young people our own age or older who composed the cast of the last Clare Tree Major play to be presented here, "The Yellow Jacket".)

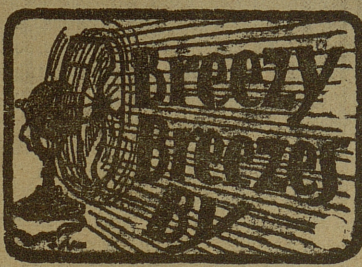
The reception was over when the few remaining members of the houseparty were surprised to see the cast of "Yellow Jacket" enter the cafeteria. Although the refreshments had been put away, they were soon brought forth again, and the lucky girls who remained enjoyed a chat with the members of the cast. I picked out Marijane Morley, for we had met earlier in the day when I helped her to prepare for the production of "Aladdin." It was then that she showed me the funny costumes used in the play and chatted about herself, her home, and her family.

Although she is only 19, Marijane has already worked two years for Clare Tree Major. This summer she will work with an eastern stock company and next fall she hopes to make Broadway. Up until her graduation from the high school of which her father is principal, Marijane lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. The next year she went to the dramatic school in Cleveland. It was after her graduation from that institution that Clare Tree Major accepted her for the role of Cinderella in "Cinderella," a play which toured in the East last winter.

Marijane also told me about the cast. Remember Dorothy Martin? The little girl who failed to appear with the rest of the cast at the end of the play? Her name is in reality an alias, for she is Clare Tree Major's daughter, Dorothy Major. Dorothy assumed the name of Martin so that she would have no speeches to make on the tour, for she dislikes publicity.

When everyone finally decided it was time to leave, I persuaded Marijane to allow me to take her to the hotel, via the Brown Derby, and she consented. As we left she inquired of Ken Randall the next morning's call. After he had told her, she explained to me that Ken was the manager of the troupe. He had been with Clare Tree Major longer than any other member of the cast, yet he himself had only been with the company four years. Although he is the oldest member of the troupe, Ken is still in his 20s. Most of the cast is of college age. However, Jimmy Rawls, the hero, graduated two years ago from George Washington University where he was a member of Phi Theta Kappa. Like Marijane, Jimmy is touring the east with a stock company this summer, and he hopes for Broadway next winter.

"It's a hard life—this how business," said Marijane, "but we like it; still I would like to be more stationary. It gets tiresome living in a trunk. Perhaps next winter I can settle down, but if I can't, then I certainly want to be with Clare Tree Major and come back to Tyler."



Hi ho—the merry-o—(now where did I get that?) Anyway, here I am back again, after an absence of two papers. And I see folks are still at it. Take the Williams children for example, and, rather surprisingly, Bill Coats and Wanda Moyer. Editor Murphy WOULD make us get out a paper right here in the middle of chemistry, government, and history exams—to say nothing of basketball tournament games. But such is the life of a sophomore.

Quite a few of our intellectuals are planning to buzz up to Oklahoma at Easter for the Phi Theta Kappa convention. Ann Marie isn't going because she's been counting the days till Easter too long to care anything about leaving at that time. Murphy and Robertson will probably be there in full force, if we know them. They are convention-attenders from way back, going to everything from the local dogcatchers' meeting on up.

Lee Newcomb came to see LeVerne twice last week. When calls get as frequent as that, something MUST be in the air.

Morris Samford and Leonard Cannaday are two more of our recent visitors—Morris from S.F.A. and Cannaday from T.C.U. Bet two girls (not mentioning any names) were pretty glad to see them, too.

This Ernest-Marcia-Bruce triangle is getting involved. Ernest is indorsed by the Editor because he carries "Betsy," her portable typewriter, that needs three springs and a new ribbon and a backspacer (hint, hint) up hills for her.

Phenomenon of nature: We present to you, William Gentry Johnson, the boxing lad, who wants to be a doctor! And is a wholesale florist after he gets through being a biology assistant, and writes fair poetry (really doggerel) on the side—probably the wrong side, at that. Now that you've met him, where has it got you?

I think the secret of Bernard Clayton's appeal is his unapproachability—but he is rather above it all. Buck would be too if he wasn't too tiyud to stand up.

Did you ever see a mouse on roller skates? Because I never saw a purple cow. Be sure to remember to do your Christmas shopping early and avoid the rush! (Heavens—I'm beginning to sound like Hicks on one of her sprees. No, not the Russians!)

I looked up from my hydrogen sulfide in the chem. lab. last Monday, and the oddest looking stranger was goggling at some stinky-stuffs in a test tube. Guess who? Joe Reynolds with a haircut! Speaking of haircuts, is Perryman trying to start something?

I thought Austin Turner took psychology. Honestly, Mrs. Jones' eyebrows jumped when he had the pure unadulterated audacity to tell her he didn't come to take her test because he had another one just a little bit bigger. Mrs. Jones is a swell little person, but she's giving long assignments that just won't wait—or if they do wait, one must needs lose a week end of sleep rather

The Dramatic Rat

In the spring a debator's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of state meets. The Durant trip was profited by experience but no cups. One of our fair-haired, dimpled debaters it seems was double-crossed by another fast talker from here. A little matter of Dorothy Bearden taking one of Barbara Sutherland's five dates away from her. However, it was all in fun and no hard feelings. They settled in a pillow fight.

The height of something or other: Feder going 180 miles to go with a blonde from Kilgore. Vernon Turner hiding an alarm clock in the girls' cabin and having them scrambling around at 2 o'clock in the morning. Dignified (?) King Huffman planting an auto bomb in Kilgore's car and parking across the street to watch it go off. Aunt Ruthie breaking all records for ice cream eating.

After testing 10 or 12 dates, the aforementioned Barbara finally settled for one of the T.J.C. debaters. Janet (Extemp) Thigpen couldn't find anyone who could make her be unfair to her home-towner. Iris Fu (I can't spell it) has at last found her true love, namely (it's a long name) one of the home-town debaters. It's queer that they have to go 180 miles to discover each other. Ann (without the e) Richbourg just had to come through Dallas. He goes to S.M.U.

All the other debate members changed the subject when asked about the results of the tournament, but are looking forward to the next meet.

If a song were to be dedicated to the play cast, it should be "You Can't Have Everything." Anyhow, all Apaches are still behind you, and "No! Not the Russians!" was the best play in their loyal minds.

Earl Reynolds made us think that the real McCoy Hollywood director was among our midst. And the girls talk about Robert Taylor!

A good question for debate would be whether Bill Tunnel's pajamas or his painting were the loudest. For confusion (NOT Confucius!) it may be said that his voice ran a close race with them.

A girl would certainly have to be pretty to risk changing to look like that old maid teacher that Jack Davis portrayed. None of the teachers around here look like that. Maybe Mr. Poston and Miss Williams never did drink water with that much iron in it. At any rate, they are anything but rusty.

The grand opera is all ready for Joe Reynolds to step into the leading role after he convinced them of the possibilities of his voice. It is rumored that his fan mail increased with each performance.

All poetry lovers should see Adrah Hicks. If Longfellow were living,

than pieces of every other night. You can take your choice, studes!

Well, the deadline is beginning to smell, so I'll leave you till this time next time. Speaking of Easter eggs, Frances Robertson's duck laid two eggs. Do you wanna buy a duck?

he would have keen competition. If you can write poetry, she is certainly a lovely inspiration.

I'm glad the judges agreed with me in voting Josephine Upchurch the best actress. She never stayed in character constantly. Her flutterings were like those of Billie Burke's.

Billy Dean was a good henpecked husband. On the level, he's an artist—whether you count the smock and tam or not His performance in the play proved him one in that field.

The set for the play was excellent. Tribute to all the members of Las Mascaras who helped in the production is hereby paid and especially to the assistant directors, Betty Jo McKay and Patty Campbell and Property Manager R. L. Mayne. Most of all to the able director, Miss Rucker and Miss Howell for their fine comradeship.

The Lon Morris play, "Afraid of the Dark," had good acting set in gruesome surroundings. Even though they beat us, here's wishing them success throughout the state meet. More power to them.

Just a reminder: All the dues are not paid for Las Mas and the next meeting will be March 25. Don't eat too many Easter eggs!

MONOTONY

Well, Mrs. Jones,
What do you think?
Now William, my boy,
Please do be still.
If Mrs. Jones won't
The rest of us will.

Well, Mrs. Jones,
How pitiful to hear
The querolous tones
Of questing William dear.
Please do be quiet
And let us rest
We other morons
Will do our best.

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T.J.C. Speakers To Be Entered In District Meet

Undaunted by disappointment, the speech department is looking forward with great expectations to the district speech meet to be held in Beaumont, under the sponsorship of Lamar Junior College, on March 29. With entrants in extemporaneous speech, oratory, and debate, Miss Rucker has high hopes of equalling the remarkable record set with her students last year.

Arthur Williams and Jeanette Thigpen will represent Tyler Junior College in extemporaneous speech. This phase of speech work is most exacting, requiring a broad knowledge of current events and world happenings at the moment. Iris Futoransky will deliver an original oration on "The Shadow of the Swastika," and Billy Tunnell will give his oration, "Go South, Young Man." The students and their handiwork has been exhibited in college assembly and all Apaches feel confident that they will win deserved honors with their contributions. The girls' debate team will consist of two speakers and one substitute and the boys' team from the college will have two speakers and one substitute. These students were to be chosen in tryouts held Tuesday, March 12. The following members of the debate team tried out: Ann Marie Richbourg, Dorothy Bearden, Barbara Sutherland, Bruce Feder, King Huffman, and Vernon Turner. No economics, history or government has survived without a benefit performance of one or more of these debate teams and all the college recognizes their ability.

Last year Tyler Junior College won the state championship in boys' debate and second place in girls' debate at the state meet in Temple. All Apaches are betting on these braves and squaws to do their part to bring home a few scalps from Beaumont. Here's luck!

Phi Theta—

(Continued From Page One)

of Lawton to Tyler makes this quite an opportunity for Tyler students to attend a convention because the meetings are often held at points quite distant.

Last year the convention was held in Monroe, La., and quite a number of the Apaches made the trip and stopped in New Orleans and Baton Rouge for quite an interesting trip home. Members of the chapter are looking forward to an enjoyable trip to Lawton and an interesting convention with that college as host.

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Every member of the Tyler Junior College aviation class sponsored by the Civil Aeronautics Authority last week received his "wings" in exam-

inations conducted by Russ Fine-frock, instructor, at the Tyler Municipal Airport. Each of the ten qualified for solo flying and none

was "washed out" by the instructor. The students are Garland Kent, Ged Stuer Stuterville, Max Walton, William Sanders, Joe Roberts, Harold

Lawler, Donald Saleh, Gerry Nelson, Jack Norris and James R. Turner.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

Our ship steamed into the harbor and we heaved a great sigh of relief. We had been at sea for about three days and it was getting bad. The weather was sultry and we were infinitely lazy. The food was terrible and the cabin boy had relieved us of most of our possessions. We ate in style at the captain's table. He was a boor and a bore. There was also a dowager who was very wealthy and very stupid. We began to look at everything with a jaundiced eye. Suddenly we saw the harbor. It was lovely. The captain smiled with relief and suddenly started. He went into mild convulsions and his face twitched. He gestured wildly and screamed: "But it CAN'T be. We are in the wrong port."

"Any port in a storm," I said with scorn and amusement in my voice. This might prove to be amusing.

The captain had a look of terror on his face and he seemed to be at a loss to do something. He took a step toward me and opened his mouth. No sound came. He tried it again. This time he was more successful.

"We aren't supposed to be here at all. I know where we are supposed to be and it's not here."

You are delirious, I almost shout-

ed, but there were others around so I said nothing.

I led him away to a quiet place and asked him what the trouble was. He stumbled around a minute.

"But I don't understand. We went on our way the way we always do and yet we didn't come into port. We have done it right for years. Why should we suddenly make a mistake like this. I can't believe it. It is too much. Someone must be drunk. I never did such a thing before. The company will sue me. The passengers will sue me. I will be persecuted for the rest of my life. I can never hold up my head again."

"Don't take it so hard, old chap."

"What would you have me do? I have always steered a straight course. My record is broken. I WON'T GET MY PENSION. I am going to lose my mind."

"You had better not do that. Our fate rests in your hands. What could we do without you. We would be lost. That is it; we're lost! But where are we? We must know that so we can get back where we are supposed to be. We must get back. But it is so nice and sort of cozy here."

"I don't know where we are. I can't imagine where we are. I can't think of anything right now. All I know is that we are all ruined. RUINED."

"It seems that we are all right. I haven't heard any complaints yet."

A piercing scream rent the air. It was blood-curdling. It lasted till I thought I would join it. I looked at the captain and he shook his head and put it in his hands.

I tapped him on the shoulder, took him by the wrist, and led him up on deck. We looked around and the place was in chaos. Women were huddled together, shivering, and sighing. They were confronted by a strange group of men dressed in the approved fashion for pirates. They were going through the passengers' possessions like hoppers. They were fierce looking and looked as though they might run any of us through with a sword.

Suddenly I looked and discovered that we were entering Santa Monica and that this band was nothing more or less than the welcoming committee from the chamber of commerce. What a joke. But, after all, it was

just to make everyone happy and feel at home and we soon forgave and forgot.

The next moment I saw a sign saying "Hollywood—ten miles." Ah, at last we would find food and a few good-looking men. The only thing wrong with the men was that most of the extras were beauties and what could we expect.

Well, after a look around the place, I decided the best thing to do would be to curl up in some nice, noisy corner and sleep it off. After coming to this conclusion I proceeded to do so. I had the most charming dream and perhaps I shall and perhaps I shall not endeavor to relate this dream to you. Shall I? Shall I not? No? Very well, if that's the way you feel about it. At least you won't have the satisfaction of knowing what you are missing. Only I, and I alone will have that satisfaction.

Upon leaving Hollywood, we were again confronted by those horrible men in those ridiculous costumes. We were all very aware of the fact that this was only a game, but the cads proceeded to confiscate all of our jewelry. I remembered distinctly paying for my train ticket and I could not figure out their line of

reasoning until someone informed me they were bandits. However, we had been fooled once and I am confident the valuables will be returned.

District Play—

(Continued From Page One)

helpful hints to the audience, setting the stage beforehand and lending an air of professionalism to the scene, this play required more of the actors than the accompanying fare of the evening. Aply carried off by the east, this was a most pleasing performance of a typical family who, in all their idiosyncracies characterize everything that we all feel in our hearts. Josephine Upchurch of the cast received the award for the best actress of the evening.

Judged by drama critics from Baylor University, the decision was given to Lon Morris College and helpful criticism was offered to both plays. Splendid performances were given by both casts and the evening's entertainment was something that shall not soon be forgotten.

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T.J.C. Girls Plan Slumber Party In Girls' Lounge

Something new in slumber parties has been planned for all the girls in Tyler Junior College. On the night of April 19, all the girls in the college are invited to bring their pillows and accessories and come to one gigantic slumber party. If tentative plans of the social committee are completed, this mass-scale sleeping spree will be held (of all places) in the very hallowed halls in which we pursue the gentle art of studying.

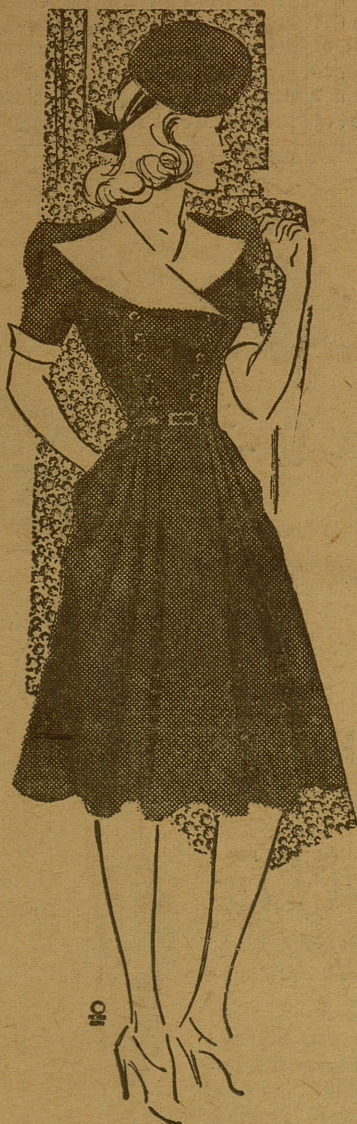
Some time ago several master minds among the student body conceived the brilliant idea of having a slumber party in the girls' lounge and adjoining rooms. Students thought it would be something new in experiences to spend one night in the rooms where we spend most of our time in the day. The matter was put before the authorities, and if the plans are concluded, all the squaws will convene on this reservation, Friday night, April 19, for a big time. Of course, in the tradition of all slumber parties, no one is coming with any intentions of catching even 40 winks. In addition to the great gobs of fun it will afford, this will probably be the last time that both the freshman and sophomore girls will have a chance to be together in a companionable entertainment such as this.

Every squaw and papoose on the reservation should feel extremely honored that an event such as this has been planned for females only. On the other hand, the winter has gone by with possum hunts and field trips including only those boys in the Engineers' Club. Don't forget, girls, and keep this date open on your calendar. On that one night, these sacred walls will ring as they've never rung before, and the story of our slumber party will go down with all the unforgettable legends of fun to be had in Tyler Junior College.

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CALENDAR FOR MARCH

March 1—A ring on the finger is worth two on the phone.

March 2—Straw berets are being worn in Paris.

March 3—In London they're eaten with ice cream.

March 4—Dentists are men.

March 5—Who bore you to tears.

March 6—Went to basketball game.

March 7—When I play tennis.

March 8—I never know when I'm going to get a stroke.

March 9—And then there's the one about the crosseyed school teacher who couldn't control her pupils.

March 10—And laugh . . . I thought I'd split.

March 11—An infinitive.

March 12—Teachers say I'll fail if I don't study.

March 13—Alone in the moonlight.

March 14—Is more fun when you aren't.

March 15—Went to basketball game; teachers say I'll flunk.

March 16—Do right and fear no man.

March 17—Don't write and fear no woman.

March 18—A girl can be very sweet when she wants.

March 19—I'll flunk.

March 20—The last time he was in jail.

March 21—He came out single file.

March 22—Wisdom comes from the mouths of babes—(Hyah, Babe).

March 23—But not the popular ones.

March 24—Then there was the cannibal's daughter.

March 25—Who liked boys best when they were stewed.

March 26—That's what I keep telling them down at the office.

March 27—But they won't listen. They just shake their heads and say: "We know. WE KNOW."

March 28—I'LL FLUNK.

March 29—I'm not a man; I'm not a beast. (That's what I keep telling them down at the office).

March 30—I flunked. (They won't listen. They just shake their heads and say: "We know—we know").

March 31—WHY WASN'T I MADE OF STONE?

St. Joseph's College has discontinued football as an intercollegiate sport.

Las Mascaras See 'No, Not Russians' In Recent Meeting

Members of Las Mascaras were entertained at their last meeting with the performance of that amusing satire, "No, Not the Russians," which the college drama department entered in the district one-act play contest. Quite a group of members were present to see the presentation of this rare entertainment.

College interest for the past two weeks has centered about the play to be entered in the contest and the Las Mascaras were indeed honored to witness the preview performance of the production. The story, that of a nit-wit family living on the brink of the depths beneath the Palisades just outside New York, was one that immediately caught the fancy of the audience and carried us away with its clever plot. Students taking part in the play were: Bill Tunnell, Adrah Hicks, Josephine Upchurch, Joe Reynolds, Bill Dean, Jack Davis, and Earl Reynolds. This amusing bit of drama furnished the fare for the evening and the members adjourned with a chuckle and left with high hopes for a state championship in the one-act play contest.

THE LOUNGE LIZARD

The last tea we had in the lounge was nothing short of wonderful, and we're wondering when there's to be another. Three cheers for the refreshment committee—specially for that dee-licious punch. The boys don't realize what they missed!

The other night we started out just to see where and how T.J.C. celebrated on week ends. The starting place was the Derby and there we found mostly high school kids and freshmen, but there were a few "illustrious" such as Earl Reynolds, Bill Coats, Wanda Moyer, "Hank" Hankerson, and Franny Robertson.

The next stop was a ducky little "jerm" on the Kilgore highway (and don't start blushing), I didn't see everyone there. When we went in, the first person I saw was Fred Zarn at the bar drinking orange juice and looking very tough. Then there was Lester Wood and a very cute brunet. Before long, in walks Welbourne Dodd with some other mugs I never saw before.

The next place we went was the show, and Bruce was there with Tom Hathaway—which reminds me—I hear everything's off between F. F. and Marcia; can this be? It's a shame that two menaces to society should be loosed at once, but Marcia's affection was switched to Ernest Staples. Well, good luck, anyway. As I was saying—then we went out to Mack's and saw Modell with a brunet from Federal and Opal Webster with someone I didn't recognize.

Well, I was so full of cokes by that time, we decided to go home, but coming by Jimmy's, I saw a car that resembled Howard Greer's; however, I couldn't be sure about that. Now where the rest of you T.J.C. kids go, I don't know—but here's to more celebration.

On the last debate trip, I've heard they had a lot of fun—especially Bruce and his Kilgore blonde. He went 200 miles to go with a girl who lives 20 miles away. Dorothy B.—the SIREN, went after one of her friend's friends and got him. And is she a pal! Iris Jean was faithful to her own bunch and stayed with them most of the time, and of course Ann was an angel 'cause we came back by Dallas—see?

Why do people have to go off and join the marines and stay gone years just when you get to know them?

If Earl Reynolds doesn't quit calling someone "Little Girl," I'll mow him down!

Last night after the basketball game—when the place was running over with Apaches, the basketball boys caused a lot of excitement when they came in.

Meet the Deadline

by
A Galley Slave

Ha, Housewright has lost her voice again. I guess anybody can just talk so much and no more. Maybe it is best that she should call time out for a while. Everyone needs to rest at one time or another.

Miss Mary Henderson very graciously consented to postpone the history test scheduled for Tuesday so that her students might attend the basketball game Monday night. She contributed the postponement to her inability to argue with the students, but we are inclined to contribute it to her kindness and her interest in the students and their activities.

It seems that Bill Coats cannot decide on any one person. For a while it was Wanda, but now he seems to be after Jack Davis. They were at the midnight show Saturday night. I guess we should not expect anything so good to settle down.

Speaking of running around, Wanda and Jim Constantin have been going out very regular lately. They were at the basketball game Wednesday night.

The pep rally Monday was a great success in more ways than one. We won the game that night and everybody took part in the rally for a change. The game Wednesday was certainly an exciting one but the John Tarleton team was a little too much for us. The game Friday night remains to tell the story.

When the education class went on their trip to Gary School, Hankerson and Jo Ann Lewis appeared on the scene with Buck Overall and Raymond Cook. Could it be that new romances are on our hands or right under our noses or something?

The Walter Guild-Frances Cone romance is something to watch.

I feel sure that everyone who saw the contest plays will agree with me. Our play was very good but the other was better. It was a difficult one and the players did so very well.

Josephine Upchurch won the award for best girl actor. The funny part was that she was the only one who fitted her part and did not seem to have to act. However, she was very good and we are indeed proud of her.

All these beautiful spring days and now cold weather again. How can we stand it all. Life is so cruel. One minute you freeze and the next you are too warm. These are the sentiments of some of the fair students of T.J.C. I guess they just can't take it.

The biology class is going on a picnic and field trip. I think something ought to be done about the chemistry class, too. I imagine the other students in school would have been very glad the students in lab

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had gone somewhere else to do their hydrogen sulfide experiments.

Ah! the trees are blooming and the flowers budding and the birds singing and I must have spring fever to be able to write like this.

Jo Ann Lewis is the only person I know who can be two places at the same time. She can be in one side of the building and one can hear her in the other side. Her voice carries so well.

What is this about Bruce and Marcia? It seems that Herbert Feder is a very stubborn young man and Marcia is a very stubborn young lady. They continually have differences and finally decided to call the whole thing off. My bet is that it won't last more than a week. If he would just understand, everything would be all right.

Murphy has simply been going into tantrums lately about the paper. None of the staff has been co-operating properly and it seems we should snap out of it and make up for lost time until school ends.

Beware, my children, of cutting class. It has become a major offense to rob Peter to pay Paul. You must come, rain or shine, lest you be marched down to the office. Heed this gentle warning and attend your classes and maybe the penalty will be lifted.

It won't be long until there will be more student activities than there have been in the past. We hope everyone will come to everything so that the entertainments will be a success.

The talk about the backward week end is all real. Soon there will be a backward week end and girls, here is your chance. Several very lasting romances began last year at this time. Try your luck and see what happens.

I guess I have rambled enough for one day so I shall give up and hope I don't get knocked out for what I have already written.



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T.J.C. Janitors Deserve Praise For Service

A particular word of praise is due to the untiring work and excellent service given to the students and school as a whole by the two college janitors, T. D. Williams and Claud Allen.

These Negro boys begin their work as soon as school is out in the afternoons and continue until after dark. T. D. cleans the upstairs halls and Claud has charge of the lower floor. Both the students and faculty of the college want to take this opportunity to thank the boys for their thoughtfulness in leaving rooms and offices in excellent order after their cleaning work. Especially is The Pow-Wow staff indebted to these janitors for their kindness in postponing cleaning of the office until staff members have completed their work, and for their service in restoring the office to order from the chaos that reigns after a hectic afternoon of "meeting the deadline."

Sometimes, in our hurry to and from classes we forget to think of the services of others, but we want the janitors to know now that we do appreciate the things they do. Thanks again.

LINES ON LIFE
I'm weary of living and afraid of dying,
I don't know the reason why.
I could go on relief or take up spying,
But I'd be a lousy spy!
—Hicks.

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FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

As I walked down the hall I encountered a person I had heard a lot about. In fact, I was very much in awe of her. I had not been in many of her classes but I had heard a lot about her. She always made A's and knew as much as the teachers did. If you had a test to take and had forgotten to study, just go up to her and corner her and ask her to help you. This she does, and so thoroughly that your head spins 'round and you begin to wonder why the teachers teach. It is so much simpler and more pleasant to acquire the knowledge this way. Besides, there is nothing to it. Look at her. It's duck soup. Oh, yes? Who do I mean? Well, do you know the girl who takes drawing and descriptive geometry, and analytics, and all the things the engineers take (th' dopes) and plans to be a chemical engineer and may go to Texas, but is still undecided. She is pleasant and friendly to associates. Her name is Lou Olive Pierce. She proves to be a tireless worker and a faithful friend. She makes all the honorary societies and is not affected by it in the least. She is intelligent and well bred. She is kind and considerate, and has a sense of responsibility. She proved her acting ability in the last Las Mascaras production when she delighted the audience by her portrayal of a fussy but lovable landlady. She puts people at ease. She is associated with many different kinds of people and likes them immensely. She likes to read, not only the classics and better books, but she likes to read work by her friends as well. I have a suspicion that she could write very nice things herself if she were ever inspired.

"How can you be so calm in the face of everything," I asked. "You never get scared when there is a chemistry test to be taken. You never worry if you have two or three labs to take in one day at practically the same time. You never complain about how unpleasant classes are. When a teacher starts to tell how good you are you are really embarrassed, yet you should be used to such praise by now. AND—you are NEVER in trouble with the faculty. HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

"Frankly—I don't know."

"Is there anything that you'd like to do that you think that you'll never do?"

"Well . . . there is one thing . . . I'd like to do . . . I'd like to be as delightfully KRAZZY as some of my friends. They haven't a brain but they are lots of fun. In fact, I think that those kind of people get more out of life than the people who take themselves so seriously."

She is not stuffy; she will listen to meaningless chatter for hours on end and she is NO sissy, in spite of the fact that she is such a good student. Without being too fussy and silly about cosmetics she has a collection of lipsticks that ANY girl would envy. She also has fallen for some of the goofier fads such as knee length socks. She carries many different colored sets of dice in her purse. She has a wonderful memory, is always thoughtful and considerate and has a remarkable ability to grasp the essence of things.

The attitude of many people is that people who make good grades never have any fun. "Aw, they aren't really smart. They really don't have any real common sense. They're just bookworms. Anyone could do it if they wanted to. I wouldn't WANT to be like that. I could make good grades if I studied like they do." Well, my friends, that is the attitude usually taken and it plainly shows jealousy. They are just wishing that they COULD do the things that a person of Lou's ability does. She is a well rounded person. Think a bit before you condemn ANYONE—especially anyone that has real ability and intelligence. You will only show your ignorance.

TYPING EXPERT VISITS HERE



Barney Stapert, former world's amateur typewriting champion, who was featured at the New York World's Fair, demonstrated his typewriting technique here Thursday before an audience of typing students of the junior college and high school.

A recognized authority on touch typewriting, Mr. Stapert says: "It is important to be correctly seated at the typewriter in a comfortable, relaxed position in order to obtain the best results and not be subjected to physical fatigue. It is equally important to develop a rhythmical touch of the fingers on the keyboard which will automatically improve your accuracy and typing speed."

Mr. Stapert's official record in the last international typewriting contest held in Toronto, Canada, was 136 feet five-stroke words a minute for one solid hour of typing. During the hour's grind, Mr. Stapert struck 42,773 keys, giving him an average of almost 12 keys for each of 3,600 seconds. He has been typing some 20 years. He stated that he practiced four hours per day for six years to attain his superb speed and accuracy.

During his demonstration of correct typing form, Mr. Stapert emphasized finger rhythm on the keyboard, proper posture, concentration and the elimination of waste motion. While writing, he carries on a conversation and answers the questions of different persons who wish to get information from him on typewriting subjects. His remarkable power of concentration enables him to recite the states of the Union and their capitals in less than a minute while typing at full speed.

Mr. Stapert, who lives in Hawthorne, N. J., received his early education in Paterson, N. J. He is now making an educational demonstration tour of the United States so that students and others interested in typewriting may benefit from his experience and ability.

Mr. Stapert is a member of the educational department of the Underwood-Elliott-Fisher Company, appearing here through the good offices of the Flinn typewriter agency.

Rumblings on the Reservation

I'll find it hard to watch the spring come in
And know that it will not be spent with you,
I'll find it hard to watch the nights begin
Without the chance to keep a rendezvous.
I'll find the taverns desolate and bare
Without your laughter soft against the night,
I'll find that loneliness is everywhere
Because you have expelled me from your sight.

Well, so it goes, along the stretch of years,
And one must take the bitter with the sweet.
A taste of joy—an interlude of tears
Must always come when hearts are indiscreet.
But dear, you'll find how soon indifference melts
About the time I find somebody else!

—Don Wahn.

(Dedicated to Frances Gentry and Alton Tyler with due respect to Frances.)

Seems that Joan Lewis was vaccinated with a phonograph needle. Lyle Rose Hankerson resembles (can you imagine!) Lyle Rose Hankerson.

Most of Tyler Junior College's perfect romances go over the rocks. What Tyler Junior College needs is some superperfect romances.

Loud laughs at a picnic at Love's Lookout the other night during a "cat" session indicated many hollow minds.

Three whoops and a holler for the Tyler Junior College basketball team

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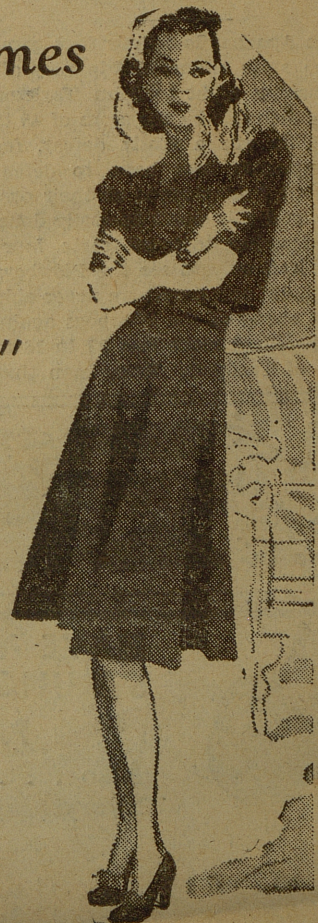
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Apaches Down Lee To Advance In Title Race With Tarleton

The T.J.C. Apaches pulled alongside John Tarleton in the Texas Junior College round-robin playoff by turning back Lee of Goose Creek, 42 to 25.

Led by Buck Overall, the Apaches played their best basketball of the season—except for their shooting, which was in a sad state Monday. The 6-foot-2 Tyler forward tallied 24 of his team's points, seven more than the margin of victory.

Coach Doyle Coe's South Zone champions were seriously handicapped again Monday night because of the illness of Capt. Leon Hutto. The gangling forward, who towers 6 feet 4 inches, tried to start the game Monday night. He left the floor in favor of J. R. Hopkins after 6½ minutes were gone, too weak to go any farther.

Tyler's passing Monday night has never before been equalled in the local gymnasium. Its hustle and teamwork were second to none. That's why the Apaches won, because the visitors from the southland were taking full advantage of their altitude when they gained possession of the ball.

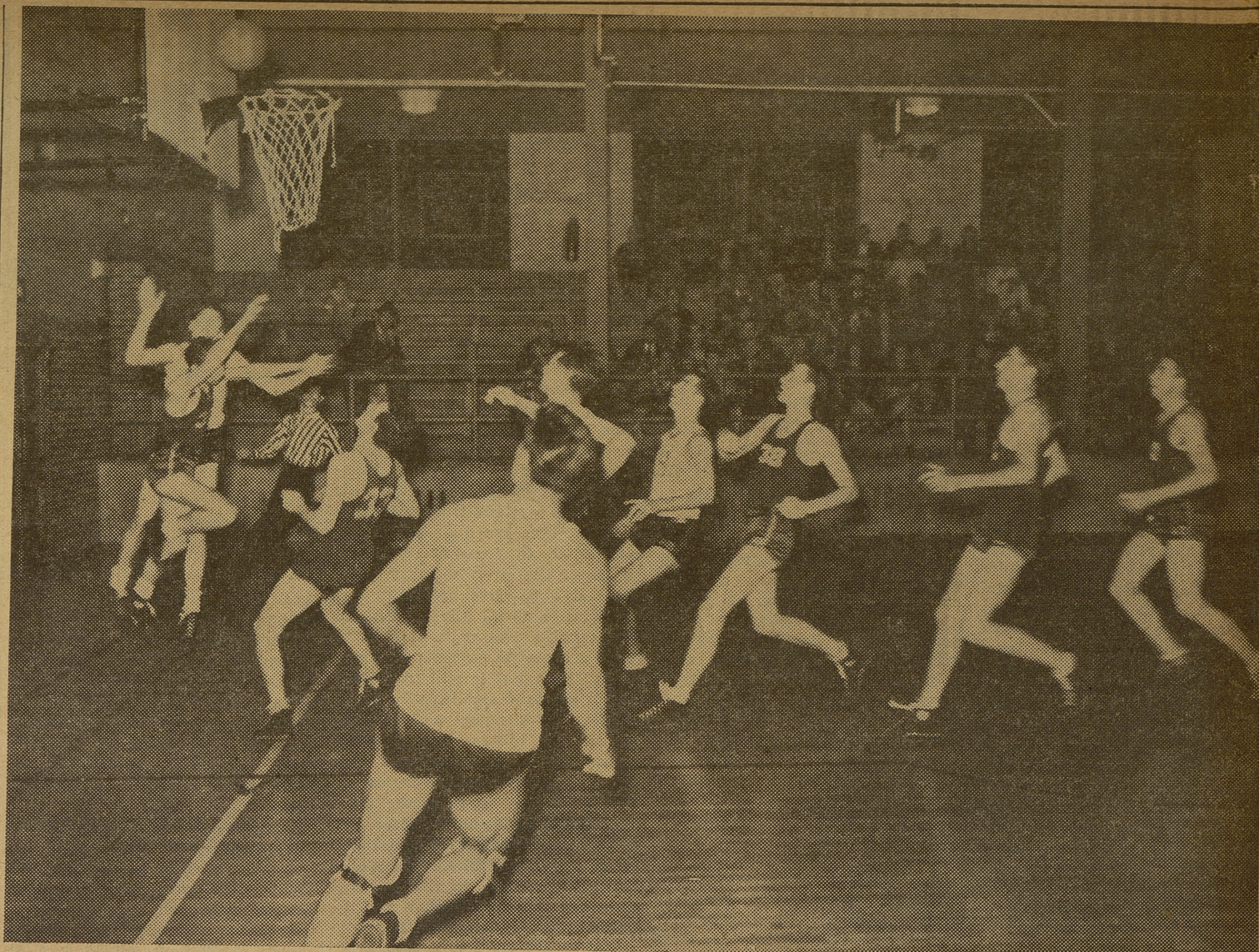
Acie Cannaday, who is usually good for at least half a dozen loopers, made only one free throw in the night but specialized in guarding big V. D. Kelly. Emmons was runnerup for Tyler with five points. Lealan Casey played only the latter part of the game—teamed with Bullock to teach a lesson in ball handling. Dewey Murphy broke the mesh for the first time since the conference season started.

Kelly paced Goose Creek's offense with 14 points. Hopkins followed with five and Rochelle added four. Rochelle and Stewart were the big guns on defense with Hard, Hopkins and Kelly fighting the net.

Emmons started things rolling with a field goal but Kelly of Lee tallied next to even the score. Tyler went on from there to lead at the half 20 to 8. Starting just before the first period ended, Overall filled the basket nine successive times before Hopkins interfered. Kelly of Lee whittled down the lead considerably in the closing minutes but Tyler's lead was never in danger. This game wound up the tournament as far as Lee is concerned and sends Tyler against John Tarleton for the state championship.

Tarleton Downs Apaches In Tough Championship Go

The Apaches lost their first game in the state championship play-off Wednesday night to John Tarleton of Stephenville by the score of 45 to 33. This was a costly defeat, for the Apaches now have to defeat Tarleton Friday night on their own court and this won't be easily done. The Apaches took an early four-point lead only to see the Plowboys pass them, and they were never able to get ahead of the Plowboys again. The halftime score was 22 to 16 in favor of Tarleton. Every man that



BUCK OVERALL PUTS TYLER IN LEAD DURING PLAYOFF GAME HERE—Buck Overall, Tyler Junior College's high-scoring center, was caught in action by Kenneth

Gunn, Courier-Times-Telegraph staff photographer, in Saturday night's game here against Lee Junior College, first game Tyler has participated in in the playoff for

the state title. When this picture was taken Overall was in motion under the basket at the very outset of the game and he shoved the ball into the hoop to put Tyler in the

lead. Tyler held the lead throughout the rest of the game, finally winning, 45 to 25. Overall made 14 points to take the night's scoring honors.

Apaches Named On Sport Scribes' All-Conference

Cauley Munson, sports editor of The Tyler Morning Telegraph, selected his all-conference team for the Northern Zone and Tyler's Apaches won one berth on the all-conference team and three on the second team.

Lanky Buck Overall, 6-foot-2-inch freshman from Cushing, is given a first-place position on the mythical five. The tallest man on Coach Ward's squad, Overall made 169 of the Apaches' total 501 points to lead the conference scoring. Acie Cannaday, Claud Brown, and Foster Bullock, were placed on the second team by the Tyler scribe. Brown is captain of the squad and has just completed his second year of successful play with the Apaches. Bullock is the Indian boy who came to school late in the basketball season and made a name for himself with his clean play and fast shooting. Acie Cannaday is the second Cannaday to be listed on the Apache squad and like his older brother has played a bangup game of ball since coming to join the team.

In addition to the four Apaches honored above, honorable mention was given to Clayton, Casey, and Gilley of the Tyler Junior College squad. All valuable members of the maple floor team, these boys have played a straight, hard game throughout the season and deserve their honors.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION

Upon the world I'll make my mark

For I shall be a spy.
I'll get myself a good disguise
And from this place I'll fly.
I'll fly to distant parts and then
I'll gather all the secrets.
I'll get into the hearts of men
And raise the national debts.
—Adrah Janice Hicks.

Apaches Take Opener From Lee

Tyler Junior College Apaches were one game better off Saturday night as they entered into the playoff in defending their state junior college cage championship as a result of defeating Lee Junior College of Goose Creek, 45 to 25.

Lee Junior College's quint was obviously off form and was weakened considerably due to the illness of its team captain, D. I. Hutto, who was ill of influenza.

Lee got an exceptionally slow

Coach Ward, ex-Apache Leonard Cannaday, and Capt. Claud Brown of the T.J.C. Apaches. School spirit was high and all Apaches present seemed convinced of the abilities of the team. The tom-tom, the Indian headdress and the totem pole were in evidence and the students forgot their dignity for a moment and raised the roof of the gym with their yells for the Apaches.

start and ten minutes and 55 seconds of the first half had rolled around before Lee scored its first point, that the result of a free toss.

Tyler took the opening tipoff and a minute later Buck Overall put Tyler in the lead and never relinquished it. Overall's crisp shot was followed a moment later by a spectacular side shot by Foster Bullock, the Apaches' star guard and ball handler.

From then on Tyler's passing was clicking good and the Tyler players were out-hustling the Lee cagers, the Apaches getting the ball off the Lee backboard every time.

At halftime Tyler held a comfortable 20-to-7 lead.

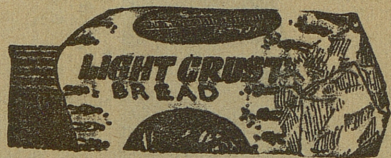
In the last half Lee showed up better and went on a short-lived scoring spree that brought the score up to 34 to 20 at one time, this being the nearest that Lee came to the Apaches in the last half.

Overall was high point man with 14 points, while Acie Cannaday was runnerup with 12 points.

Coach Ward used nearly all of his squad in the game before the final whistle blew and the substitutes played good ball right along.

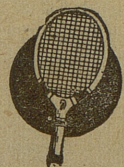
Tommy Rochelle, a hustling player, did some good work for Lee before he fouled out. V. D. Kelly, a big, tall former Jeff Davis High School cage star, however, was probably the most outstanding player for Lee. He worked consistently under the basket and was hard to guard.

Tyler's passing was excellent all the way through and by playing heads-up ball, Tyler took the ball away from the Lee cagers time and time again.



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Pep Rally In The Gym Before State Championship Tilt

Students of Tyler Junior College convened with high spirits Monday morning in the gym for a pep rally. The secret of all the celebration was the victory Saturday night over Lee Junior College in the playoff games for the state championship and the rising hopes of all Apaches for a victory Monday night and eventually for another state championship scalp to hang on our belts.

The college cheer leaders led the student body in rousing yells and a spirited war dance around the totem pole followed speeches by

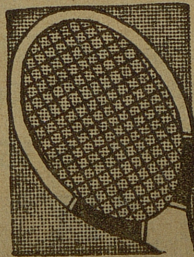
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